window of Mrs. Darsey's spacious Cyril Delmar was telling Helen Darsey that he loved her, and wanted her for And his wife. just outside the

window, through whose open, lacedraped casement, the odor of night jasmine crept like incense, and the moon shone down in a flood of silvery light, Vivian Ames listened to his words with a crushed and bleeding heart; his love words to another. For, until to-night, Vivian believed he loved her, and that "some day-some sweet day"-he would tell her so, in words, even as his eyes had already spoken. Love needs no spoken assurance; a glance of the eye-swift and soutfula touch of the hand-all speak with mute tongues; but Love knows and comprehends, and is glad.

Two months ago. Cyril Delmar had made the acquaintance of the Darseys, and the poor relation. Vivian Ames. It had been quite a romantic affair. He had come to this suburban place one brautiful June morning-had ridden on horseback-for the purpose of visiting a certain estate adjoining the Darsey place. It was a fine property. and, being in the markes, Cyril had made up his mind that it was just the home for him, whenever he should see fit to take to himself a wife.

He was twenty-eight, handsome. and would eventually be quite a matrimonial "satch." For his uncle, Richard Clyde, was a millionaire and a bachelor, and Cyril was reputed to be his prospective heir. The old millionaire was past seventy, and made no secret of the fact that his nephew would some day inherit his fortune.

Now, that fair June morning, Cyril Delmar rode gayly along the straight smooth road which led past Mrs. Darsev's house, he did not dream that his fate lay in ambush just be-

Right in front of the high-arched iron gates, his horse took fright and threw him violently to the ground. It was just like a scene from a novel, so Helen Darsey had declared, with her big blue eyes full of delight, not at the thought of the young man's sufferings, of course, but because it was all like a story or a play. The handsome here was carried into the Darsey house by two men servants, and placed upon a sofa, while Mrs. Darsey, a tall, elegant woman, dressed like a fashion plate, sent at once for their family physician. Arrived there, that dignitary soon pronounced the young man's injuries painful. He must have rest and care for a week or two

To say that Cyril Delmar took an unfair advantage of the situation to remain an invalid as long as possible, would not be quite untrue. could blame him? For both Helen and her consin Vivian were constantly at his side, to read to him, sing to him, converse with him. Somehow he seemed to prefer Vividu's society. A slight, pale girl, with great dark eyes. and a low, sweet voice. And as time went by, there grew up within her heart a love which soon was strong enough to crowd out all else. She cared nothing for the wealth; she loved him for himself alone. But Helen Darsey had "an eye to

the main chance," and had he been poor, Cyrii Delmar wou d have had a small prospect of success.

The days passed and Vivian's love grew and increased in depth and strength until it was her all. She lived for nothing else.

In the meantime old Mr. Clyde had frequently called upon his nephew. and saw with satisfaction that he was greatly interested in Vivian. For somehow, poor and dependent though she was, she touched the old man's heart, and he preferred that his nephew's choice should be Vivian

Cyril led her on and on to believe herself beloved: he had said everything that a lover might say except to ask her to become his wife, when, all at once, a change came over him. He seemed to avoid Vivian. There were no more tete-a-tetes-no more tender looks and words.

Cyril was quite recovered now, and the coveted home had been purchased, but though he and his uncle resided there, Cyril passed most of his time

with the Darseys. Vivian grew thin and pale, and there was a look of sadness in her dark eyes which had never been there before. And now to night—the night my story opens—she had received the blow which broke her heart. At least, she thought that it was broken; but hearts are, fortunately, not so easily crushed, or most mortals would be condemned to heart-break. we all get a blow sometime; and well it is that the average human heart is elastic, and springs back into place again, even, after a heavy sorrow has crushed down upan it.

Standing outside the window that night Vivian listened, because she could not help it She heard Cyril's

"I love you, Helen! Will you be my wife? Understand me-this is not the first, best love of my heart that I offer you-but-you know my sad story. and if you can overlook all that, and help me to forget, and be my wife, Helen, we will try to be happy!"

And Vivian's heart had grown cold. but she whispered to herself that better no love at all, than a halfhearted love like that. He had deceived her. It was bitter, it was hard, but it was true. With a heart swelling with indignation she turned away. I half so sweet as love.

And there, right at her side, she saw old Mr. Clyde, gazing down into the small, pale face, with eyes full of He, too, had overheard the

interesting love scene.
"Viviau!" h. said, softly, taking the girl's cold hands in his own, "we have unintentionally played eavesdroppers! I am not sorry; for I have thus learned the truth and my nephew's real nature. He is a dishonorable fellow! Vivian, listen! Do you want revenge for his treatment of you? I acknowledge that I am burning to punish him. for he has been guilty of a cruel wrong to you. Everybody has believed that you and he would marry, until lately, when he has devoted himself to that wax doll, Helen

She glanced into his face, all a-tremble. Her eyes shone like stars. Did she? Would any woman in her place -cast aside, made light of-as she had been-wish revenge for her wrongs?

"Do I?" she faltered, "tell me, tell me-how!"

He clasped her trembling hands. "Marry me!" he whispered. old enough to be your father, dear; but I would be good and kind to you, and I shall not live long. When I die you will have all-all! Vivian, do

von hear me?" She started and turned pale. "And-Cyril?" she whispered.

The old man smiled grimly. "That is my affair. I have an idea that there is a surprise in store for you, Vivian. Only say yes, and I will do the rest." "Yes."

That was all. The old man's face wore a satisfied look; he bent his gray head and touched the girl's forehead with his lips.

"Heaven bless you, my dear," he said. But Vivian was not happy. She had accepted the offer of revenge upon Cyrii Delmar for his perfidy; accepted it when thrust in her hands in this strange way; but her heart was heavy and troubled. "Revenge is sweet," says the old adage, but Vivian did not find it so.

The next morning old Richard Clyde called upon Mrs. Darsey, and electrified that lady by asking her sanction to his marriage with Vivian Ames.

"Mr.Clyde!" gasoed Mrs. Darsey, almost unable to speak-"why! this is overwhelming! I thought you would never marry, and that Cyril is-

"My heir in prospective? Ay, so he is in case I do not marry. All men reserve the right to change their condition, Mrs. Darsey."

"Then, of course, if Delmar is not to be your heir he cannot marry my daughter!" stormed Mrs. Darsey, wrathfully.

An odd smile touched the old man's bearded lip. But he said nothing.

In the meantime, out in the grounds,



IT WAS BITTER, IT WAS HARD. She walked straight up to him, and

extended her hand. "Allow me to congratulate you," she was beginning; but something in the sad, dark eyes fixed upon her face

made her hesitate. "Vivian!" (in a choked voice), "do not mock me! I would not have asked Helen to be my wife but for your cruel conduct."

"Explain yourself!" she demanded,

haughtily. He grew pale. "Why! are you not engaged to be married to a gentleman in the West?" he asked. "Helen told me so, and-

and-Vivian-

He stopped short, surprised at the look upon her face.

I see, she faltered. "Oh, Cyril, is is false-false! Helen has told you a wicked falsehood!"

His face grew dark "And she has inveigled me into asking her to marry me!" he groaned. Oh, Vivian! I have loved you-you alone-ever since the first day I met

Just then, Mr. Clyde appeared. His face wore a look of satisfaction. "My little plot has worked admir-ably!" he cried. "As soon as Mrs.

Darsey and her daughter learned that I bad asked Vivian to be my wife, and thus virtually disinherit you Cyril, the engagement between you and Helen Darsey ceased to exist."

Cyril fell back amazed "Have-you-asked-Vivian to beyour wife, Uncle Richard? he faltered. "Why, Vivian loves me!"

"I know it! And I knew that there was some underhand work going on, on the part of Helen Darsey. I got Vivian's consent to marry me while she was piqued and half-wild over your conduct I knew that when I announced my engagement, Helen Darsey would throw you over and at the same time all the hidden plot which has parted you and Vivian would come to light. I can only say, 'Bless ye, my children!'"

And so Cyril Delmar won his wife. And Vivian, remembering how she had grasped at the proffered revenge, felt a deep feeling of remorse. Revenge may be sweet, but Vivian Delmar cares naught for its sweetness. There is nothing in the world, she says, one

(Ingular Instances in Human Experience in This and Other Lauds.

There are families in which certain rigns and tokens are believed to portend either trouble or death. know one daughter of an old Dutch house who says that always before a death in her family there is heard a step on the stairway, going slowly from the top of the house to the bottom and out of the front door. Generations of her people have heard this step, and it always presages a death, says the Christian Intelligencer.

Last summer I met a Scotch gentleman, shrewd, long-headed and soundly Presbyterian. He told me that Darsey. Do you want revenge, his grandmother and his mother had both always had "warnings" when any untoward event was about to take place in their family history. His grandmother was a bride, a gay young thing of seventeen, walking with a merry party in the island of Malta. Suddenly she stopped and drew back, unable to take a forward step. for just in her path-way a yawning gulf, or what looked so to her, had opened, and she saw the shape of a coffin. The vision presently passed, but in due time there came letters to the sunny isle telling of a fearful storm off the Scottish coast and the going down of a ship in which were two brothers of the bride, both of whom were drowned. Many such incidents this good man told me which he believed in, but could not explain.

There sat near me in church for some years a cheery little partridge of a woman, buxom, brown-eyed and healthy in body and mind-the wife of a poet and his frequent inspiration. This lady was one of those to whom visions came, and who had hallucinations which were very agreeable, giving her a pleasant variety in life, but never amounting to anything serious.

Professor Snow was another thus accompanied on the road home by visitors unseen by others, but very evident to himself. A friend of mine was staying at his house as a guest. It was sammer, and in a white gown the lady was sitting under a tree in the garden. She sat quite still for a long while, the professor meanwhile pacing up and down the veranda. By and by she arose.

"Why, why," said the good man, "is it you? I thought you were one of my angels."

Aunt Marjorie recalls a story lately told her. There were two elderly men, both members of the same ecclesiastical body, and intimate friends. One, in a remote town in the South, in a hotel, composed himself to sleep one night, when, in the open window commanding a gallery. he saw the other standing in an accustomed attitude, with a smile on face. "Why, David, man," he exclaimed, "what are you doing here? I thought you were at home. Willie, I'm going away, and I could not go without saying good-by!" was the answer. Then the vision faded, and the methodical man made an entry in his note-book of the day, place and hour, and, committing himself to God, closed his eyes. Next day the telegraph brought the tidings: "David — died last night at 12:30 o'clock."

Scores of such stories are told and vehified. What of them?

"None better." Mr. Thomas Buckley, writing from the Iron Works. Film street. Troy. N. Y., says: "Ir. Bull's Cough syrup is one of the tnest cough syrups for colds. None better, I always use it."

The first offense may be an impulse; the

The greatest of liniments! Mrs. E. M. Devilbos. Triadelphia. d., writes: "I use Salvation Oil for sore throat, rheumatism. etc., and find it is one of the best liniments out."

Generally the best breed is the one that is bost cared for.

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This remarkable, almost unheard-of, yield was reported by Frank Winter of Montana, who planted one bushel of Great Northern Oats, carefully tilled and irrigated same, and believes that in 1894 he can grow from one bus, of Great Northern Oats three hundred bushels. It's a wonderful oat.

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of 5,000 tons capacity, to have accommodations for 200 passengers, is now building, and contracts have been placed for two others. They will run between Portland, Oregen, and San Francisco. The steamers will be of the same general design as the big Christopher Columbus, which plied.between Chicago and the white city all summer, and which looked like a big cigar, with deckhouses, saloons and cabins perched along its full length on pillars, the waters having a clear breach under them and over the body of the boat in bad weather.

Persavoring.

"Missus," said a very small boy, "kin I shovel off your snow?"

"Why, the snow's all off my walk." "I don't mean now." "But I've promised another boy to let him do the work the next time it

"I don't mean then either. Every place I've been in was just the same way. You have to get yer application in early if you want work these hard times. What I want to know is, can I shovel off next winter's snow

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F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the 1 st 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any onligations made by their firm.

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ledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Bruggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucons surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Frica 76c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Fpring is the "jimmy" that opens the buds With all stock, the far-ner that culls the

On March 8 and April 9, 1894, the Louisville & Nashville railroad will sell tickets for their regular trains to principal points in the south at one single fare for the round trip. These excursion rates take in the principal cities and towns in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, West Florida and Mississippi. Tickets will be good to return within twenty days, and will be on sale at St. Louis, Evansville, Louisville and Cincinnati on above dates. Through cars from these cities to principal points south. Ask your ticket agent, and if he can not furnish you tickets from your station, write to C. P. Atmore. General Passenger Agent.

In fe-ding to secure the heat results, study the animal as well as the breed.

Hope is grease to the wheels of endeavor A buckwheat cake and a home run de-end largely on the batter.



## KNOWLEDGE

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleas ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will no accept any substitute if offered.

Heals

Sores.

Running

Florida has no state prison. The convicts are leased and subleased to individuals in various parts of the

enness the institution exceed the income

over \$100,000 a year.

The usual treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands can testify. Proper local treatment is politively necessary to success, but many, if not most, of the remedies in general use afford but temporary beneit. A cure certainly can not be expected from snoffs, powders, douches and washes. Flys ream faim, which is so highly commended is a remedy which combines the important regulation of cuick action, specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the jatient.

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were 83,414.

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advertising, containing stories and anecdotes told by Abraham Lincoln, many heretofore unpublished, will be sent free to every person sending his or her address to the Lincoln Tea Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

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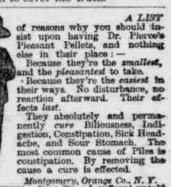
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